



SATURDAY, AUG. 24, 1901

My Friend, the Doctor

By James T. Sullivan.

"HELLO, Frank," was Tom Acton's greeting, as he entered Atherton's apartment one evening. "I called to have that theater party of ours postponed for a few weeks."

"Can't do it," answered Atherton. "I've already invited the girls and we can't back out now."

"But you must," protested Tom. "Just read this," and he handed a telegram to Frank. It read:

"Tom Acton, Boston, Mass.: Everything all settled for marriage Monday. Want you for best man."

"Dr. Jordan," said Frank. "So Dr. Jordan is going to get married. Why, I didn't know he even had a girl."

"He didn't," said Tom. "That is, it wasn't intentional on his part at first."

"Do you know who the fortunate one is?" asked Frank.

"Yes, I know her very well," answered Tom. "It's really the most amusing case I have ever heard of. You know when I went away last summer, Fred, the doctor's brother, was with me. From the very start he made a hit with the fair sex."

"One of the young women staying at a near-by hotel had the misfortune (or, to be more accurate, the good fortune, for so it proved eventually), to sprain her wrist, and word was sent over to our hotel asking if we had among our guests a physician. On the spur of the moment I said my friend was one, for I knew he understood a little about medicine."

"So we went together, and I introduced Fred as Dr. Jordan, of Boston. The young woman was very glad to see him, and Fred examined her wrist, finally declaring it was not very serious. He called for water and linen, and bathed her wrist for some time, much longer, in fact, than I thought necessary under the circumstances. Finally he bandaged the wrist, smilingly assuring her it would be a matter of but a few days when it would be as well as ever."

"The young woman was profuse in her thanks, and that he might send her a bill she gave him one of her cards. It read Miss Marion Fiske. When we returned to our hotel the other guests, hearing he called Fred 'Doc,' took it for granted he was a physician. One of the young women, in fact, recalled how she had met him at a reception, and asked him if he did not remember the occasion."

"As he and his brother, being twins, are nearly as much alike as two peas, and he had a card like mine, I was not surprised that a nominal acquaintance should get them mixed."

"The injured wrist, however, afforded Fred an excuse to make visits to the other hotel, and under his careful treatment it grew better wonderfully fast. This treatment included long walks, rowing, swinging for hours in a hammock, etc. It was delightful for both, apparently, but finally Fred had to go back to town."

"Just before the train pulled him out he fished in his pockets for a card, and having decided not to make a confession disclosing his true identity until Miss Fiske came to town, he handed her one of his brother's cards, on which was his address."

"Once he got back to town he had so much to do in order to make up for his absence that he forgot all about his flirtation for the time being. Then he decided one day to drop Miss Fiske a few lines for old times' sake, and when it was finished he simply signed it 'Sincerely, Doc.'"

"Miss Fiske speedily answered it. So the next day Dr. Jordan found among his mail a dainty scented envelope. When he recalled who 'Marion' was, no person in Jefferson whom he knew, and he tossed it on his desk."

"When Marion did not receive any answer to her missive that week she became a bit disconsolate, and at last made up her mind to spend Sunday in town. Her failure to reply had not worried Fred very much, as he was up to his eyes in work."

"Sunday afternoon Miss Fiske, having persuaded herself that her wrist was paining her somewhat, decided to visit her friend, and had no difficulty in finding the house, as it bore a sign with the doctor's name. 'He was probably very busy,' she mused as she rang the bell."

"A few minutes later Dr. Jordan entered, and Miss Fiske hastened across the parlor to meet him, exclaiming: 'Why, how do you do, doctor?'"

"Very well, thank you," he answered. "Won't you please be seated?"

"His distant manner disconcerted

her, and she was at a loss what to say, but finally managed to ask: 'You got my letter, did you not?'"

"Your letter! What letter?" he asked, trying to recall if he had ever met his visitor before."

"Why, the letter I wrote you from Jefferson," she replied.

"Jefferson? O yes, I recall it now. It came a few days ago. I've got it right here," and turning to his desk he picked up the missive.

"Why didn't you answer it?" she asked.

"Well, you see, the fact is you—er—forgot to sign your full name," he answered.

"She must be insane," the doctor thought to himself, and I'll humor her," while Miss Fiske concluded he was under the influence of some powerful opiate that destroyed his memory temporarily, and so she said: 'Why, yes. How stupid of me to send it that way!'"

"Thinking to recall his mind to Jefferson, she extended her arm and said: 'My wrist does not bother me at all now, and I don't believe it ever will, do you?'"

"Your wrist! Wasn't it your head you had trouble with?" he said, doubtfully.

"My head?"

"O—I mean your hand. Why, looks as if it never was injured."

"The interview was becoming embarrassing to both, so Miss Fiske cut it short and departed."

"Well, of all the crazy women I've ever met, she takes the premium," said the doctor, after she left. "First she writes me a letter, then visits me and tries to convince me I know her. Some of her friends had better look after her."

"Miss Fiske meanwhile was deeply thinking of the baneful influence of drugs. 'Why, if one told me of such a thing I never would believe it,' she said to herself."

"That evening, after dinner, she started for church, and just as she was nearing the edifice she heard a familiar voice say: 'Why, Miss Fiske, is it really you?' Turning around, she beheld her friend, the doctor."

"You might have let me know you were coming to town," he said.

"I did let you know," she answered, rather stiffly.

"When?" he asked.

"The other day when I answered your letter," she replied.

"Letter! Why, I got no letter," said Fred.

"How can you say that when this very afternoon you showed me the letter?" she retorted, rather angrily.

"This afternoon? I was out of town this afternoon. I went up to Jefferson to see you, only to find you gone."

"Really!" she said, somewhat sarcastically, and then, suddenly remembering about the drug, thought to herself the remarkable similitude of this case to that of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

"They had reached the door of the church, and as services had begun, further conversation just then was impossible. Nevertheless, they did a great deal of thinking."

"Fred became very angry at Miss Fiske's apparent attempt to deceive him, and when they left the church he made no attempt to converse. She thought it was another of his strange moods, and when the door of her residence was reached, she quietly said: 'Good-night,' which he answered somewhat gruffly."

"I could never be happy with such a fellow," she said to herself, while he wondered how he ever grew to like her. When he got home he was in a surly mood, and his brother inquired what the trouble was. 'Nothing much,' Fred replied."

"I'll bet a woman is in some way responsible for your present frame of mind," said the doctor. 'Cheer up, my boy; it's good you are not married to some woman, especially to one similar to a caller I had to-day. She had an insane notion that I had treated her wrist for sprain not long ago.'"

"What's that?"

"She tried to convince me that I knew her, and she wrote me this letter," he went on, tossing the missive he had received from Miss Fiske to his brother. After one glance at it a light dawned on Fred, and he burst out into a hearty fit of laughter."

"What's the matter now, are you going insane also?" asked the doctor.

"Insane! No. This letter was intended for me. Why didn't you give it to me when it arrived?"

"How long since you became an M. D.?"

"Let me see; it's just two weeks ago since I received my degree," said Fred, laughing, and that young woman who called on you to-day was my first patient." Then Fred told all about the affair at Jefferson.

"It appears to me we both owe her an apology," remarked the doctor.

"Undoubtedly," said Fred. "Let us write one now explaining the case, and we will both sign it."

"The following day, when Miss Fiske received the letter, and later, when the two brothers appeared at her home in person, she realized the mistake all had made, and she enjoyed it as heartily as the others."

"Then I suppose Fred proposed to her eventually and this is the result," said Frank.

"No," Tom answered. "In fact, the doctor being in town all the time, while Fred was away, saw more of her, and decided to marry her himself, and she agreed, and the marriage would not be taking place next week. It's lucky for him he is Fred's brother, or he might find himself in trouble."

"That's right, too," said Frank. "Well, under the circumstances, I guess we'll have to excuse you, and postpone the theater party."—Boston Globe.

Courage.

Mrs. Meek—I only wish I had as much courage as our baby.

Mr. Meek—What does he do?

Mrs. Meek—Why, he actually talks back to the hired girl.—Ohio State Journal.

How PEOPLE DROWN

Old Life-Saver Says They Never Signal for Assistance.

Impression That a Drowning Person Comes to the Surface Three Times Said to Be Without Foundation.

(Special Washington Letter.)

OF ALL the stories about drowning people, this is the most singular and interesting that the writer has ever heard. There is a free bathing beach in the Potomac river which is carefully guarded, and yet quite a number of bathers have lost their lives there. One of the life savers there to-day said: "In all my experience, and I have had considerable at various watering resorts, I have never known of a single instance of a drowning person calling for help."

"It is generally supposed that persons struggling in the water call for assistance, but such is not the case. For some reason, which can hardly be explained, they never signal help. They simply throw up one hand, not both, mind you, and under they go. I have noticed this particularly at the Washington beach. In not a single instance has there been a call for help. I have pulled persons from the water within a few feet of the raft who were struggling for life, yet who never uttered a single outcry."

"It was only that I happened to notice their peculiar actions in the water, and not the noise they made, that impelled me to go after them. Time and again I have seen poor swimmers paddling from the shore and after padding a short distance throw up one hand and go under. It is the most remarkable thing imaginable that they give no signal of distress when help is so near. I have often asked rescued persons why they did not call for help, but they could give no explanation. They knew they were drowning, but the only sign of their peril was the involuntary raising of the arm. I have become so accustomed to this sort of thing—that peculiar manner in which a drowning person throws up the hand—that among a score of bathers diving, ducking and splashing about I can tell the one in danger in an instant."

"When he goes down it is with head thrown far back. As the water washes over the face up comes the hand. Then it slowly disappears, going under inch by inch."

"Then if anything is done it must be done quickly. I have heard many stories of a drowning person making a great racket to attract attention, but I do not believe them. When more than one person is in danger I have known of calls, but invariably they came from the one who could swim enough to save himself, but who could not bring the drowning one ashore. The one in immediate peril simply goes under without a sound. I have been with fairly good swimmers who became exhausted, and who, without a word of warning, threw back the head as though about to float or swim on the back, and go under. As they sank one arm came up."

"One would suppose that a person who could swim would be exempt from this dumbness in the moment of danger, but it is not so. Of course, many persons who start from shore get out so far that they realize they cannot get back without assistance, and will call for help before their energy has been all spent. Possibly they may manage to keep afloat until assistance comes, so when they cry out they are not actually drowning. When it comes to giving up and going under they sink slowly, but without a sound."

"The more I think of the more remarkable it seems. Boys have been drowned here who would have been rescued had they but called once. They have gone under surrounded by companions and so close to the life guard that rescue would have been assured had there been any signal whatsoever."

"The impression that a drowning person comes to the surface three times is a mistake. In fact, in most cases he goes under once and stays there unless some one goes after him. Ordinarily, a person overboard takes enough water into the body on first sinking to weight it so that it will not rise to the surface, but there seems to be no rule of nature governing this."

"I suppose if one goes under with the lungs full of air the body will come to the surface, but usually the first sinking is the last."

"This is our experience at the beach. Cases have been quite numerous where good swimmers dived from the raft and failed to come to the surface, going under, and staying there until one of the guards went down to look for them. Of course they were brought up unconscious and could not tell why they did not come up as usual. This is another of the mysteries of drowning. If there are more ways of killing a cat than one, so there are more reasons than one why people drown. Good swimmers, bad swimmers, and those who can't swim at all go under and stay from time to time. If people will go into the water, people will drown. We guard against accidents to the best of our ability, but occasionally some one goes down never to come up alive. We guards sit here and watch, go in and drag out all who ap-

pear in distress, but despite our vigilance suddenly some one will be missed, going down without a word, surrounded by half a hundred persons, any one of whom would possibly have been able to extend a helping hand."

"As soon as the alarm is sounded everyone is called from the water and

the guards begin diving and searching along the bottom. It is impossible for anyone to remain under long without being discovered. We have been very successful in saving those who have been taken from the bottom by working on them ashore. In only a comparatively few instances has it been impossible to revive the bather. Of the drownings the public always hears, but the lives that we save at the beach seldom attract attention. Day after day boys have been rescued who probably never even told their parents that they had been on the point of drowning."

"The first thing a boy does on being rescued, if in a conscious condition, is to tell a lie. He will declare that he was not drowning, but was only trying to fool some other boy. It seems to be regarded as a rather disgraceful thing to be caught in the act of drowning. It doesn't reflect very much credit on the average boy, but it is a fact that as soon as he finds that a companion with whom he came to the beach is missing, the survivor begins to think of home and mother, and in nine cases out of ten will start for the bath house without giving the alarm."

"As to how long it is possible for a person to remain under the water and live I do not know. The longest I have any personal knowledge of is 15 minutes. This was the case of a colored man. He fell from a steamboat wharf at a summer resort in Maine. He came on the steamer which blew as it reached the wharf. I heard the whistle and looked at my watch. It was four o'clock. Afterward I went to the wharf and was told that the man had just after him, so I dived in and brought him out of 20 feet of water. I looked at my watch and it was 15 minutes and some seconds after four. I had no hope for the man, but he was taken to the hospital and survived. I saw him often afterwards."

"Boys should always have elder brothers or fathers or guardians with them," very earnestly said the life-saver. "They will remain in the water too long, unless they are restrained. Almost invariably when I command a lad to come out he promptly replies: 'I only just come in, mister, I did it. Jimmy, there, has been in for a long time'; when, as a matter of fact, both little rascals have been in the water for two hours or longer. Remaining long in the water weakens people, no matter how strong they may be naturally. The water opens every pore and sucks the skin dry. The boys who are allowed to stay in the water more than an hour are in fit condition to have cramps and drown. The youngsters would stay in the water until they sprouted fins, but the beach attendants are watchful and compel them to come ashore. Very often, after they are dressed, they look so different that they can come back inside of 15 minutes and get into the water again."

"During the past week 4,873 people took plunges from this beach, including men and strangers visiting the city, with boys or attendants. Some of the boys have formed clubs for aquatic sports, and they contest as earnestly as the members of popular organizations. They swim stated distances, accompanied by skiffs and life guards. They dive for depths or distances, but are carefully watched so that life-savers can dive after them if they do not come up very promptly. Altogether, this swimming beach on the Potomac is one of the most enjoyable and healthful of the summer resorts of the national capital."

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He—H'm! What do you analyze?

She—Other people's reputations chiefly.—N. Y. World.

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"Don't fret."

If you want to keep cool just follow this rule. It's the best we have run across yet: "All the 'Don'ts' that you find Let in on be combined— 'Don't fret.'"

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

SOMEWHAT INVOLVED.

Young Wife—Our marriage has not been as happy as I thought it would be, and I didn't think it would.—Moonshine.

The Difference.

The bee stings once and then may never sting again; The slandering, day after day, in want makes slings away.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Terrible Infant.

Host—So sorry you have to be going.

Guest—Indeed, I am, too. By the way, I'm not sure about my train. It's nine-something, but—

Host's Eldest—It's 9:32. Pa said he hoped you'd take that one.—Philadelphia Record.

Human Nature.

Sniffles—What do you see up there?

Riffles—Nothing.

Sniffles—Then why do you see you stand here and look?

Riffles—Well, I saw half a dozen people looking up, and I am trying to find out what attracts them.—N. Y. Herald.

Against His Principles.

Perambulating Pete—I've jus' been deeply insulted, Leary!

Languid Leary—How so, Pete?

Perambulating Pete (indignantly)—De loidy at de last house accused me of tryin' 'to work' on her sympathy!

—Brooklyn Eagle.

Guiltily as Charged.

Upgradation—I am told you have been talking about me behind my back.

Atom—That's the way I have always talked about you. I never talk about a man in front of his back.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Artistic.

First Artist (sneeringly)—Dauber evidently believes in painting the sort of boob that the public